

AN
EPISTLE

FROM

WILLIAM Lord RUSSEL,

TO

WILLIAM Lord CAVENDISH.

Inimicus et invisus Tyrannus.

By GEORGE CANNING, of the Middle-Temple,
Esq;

Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ere. VIRG.

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EPISTOL

WILLIAM LUTHER RUSSELL

TO

WILLIAM LUTHER CAVERDISH

London and New York

BY GEORGE BARNARD, of the Middle Temple

And the Author of "The Principles of Political Economy"

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the Benefit of the Reader, unacquainted with the History of the Times referred to in the POEM, it may not be improper to inform him of a few Facts, taken from that History, tending to make the Subject of it more intelligible and entertaining to him.

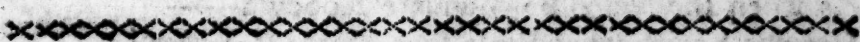
IN the latter End of the Reign of *Charles II.* WILLIAM Lord RUSSEL, Son to the Earl of BEDFORD, and Grandfather to the present Duke, was apprehended for a Plot, commonly called the *Rye House Plot*, was tried and condemned *July 12th, 1683*, and nine Days after, on the 21st of that Month, was executed in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

THE Crime of which he was accused, but never proved, was a Design to raise an Insurrection, to seize the Guards, and kill the King; but his real Crime, never to be forgotten, was the famous Bill for excluding JAMES Duke of York, a bigotted *Papist*, from the Succession to the Crown, which Bill was first moved and brought by him into the House of COMMONS, and afterwards carried up to the LORDS.

By the Confession of all Parties, Enemies as well as Friends, Lord RUSSEL was a Man of a most unblemished Character, of the strictest Honour and Integrity, generous and humane, in short, one of the most popular and beloved Noblemen then in *England*; and to crown all, a most zealous and steady PATRIOT, who laboured at the Hazard of his Life to save his Country, then in the most imminent Danger, from impending Ruin; and who may be truly said, if any Man ever did, to have died a Martyr to the Cause of LIBERTY and his COUNTRY.

THE Death of this virtuous Nobleman, and that of the brave ALGERNON SYDNEY, condemned against Law and without Evidence, for the same Plot, are in the Train of those Tragical Events, which mark the Reigns of the two Brothers with eternal Ignominy; Reigns, wherein by pretended Plots, sham Conspiracies, suborned Witnesses, corrupt and time-serving Judges, packed Juries, and even private Assassinations, some of the noblest and best Blood in the Kingdom was spilled. It had however this good Effect, that all honest Men were inspired with an indelible Abhorrence of this accursed Race, and their tyrannical Government, which from first to last, aimed at nothing less than the total Subversion of our Religion, Laws and Liberties, which paved the way for the glorious Revolution in 1688, and Succession of the illustrious Family now on the Throne, whom God long preserve.

The following EPISTLE is supposed to have been written by Lord RUSSEL, on Friday Night *July 20th*, 1683, in *Newgate*; that Prison having been the Place of his Confinement for some Days immediately preceding his Execution.



A N
E P I S T L E
F R O M
W I L L I A M Lord R U S S E L,
T O
W I L L I A M Lord C A V E N D I S H.*

L O S T to the World, To-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my Country's Weal my Heart beats high,
Tho' rattling Chains ring Peals of Horror round,
While Night's black Shades augment the Savage Sound,
Midst Bolts and Bars the active Soul is free,
And flies unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear Companion of my better Days,
When Hand in Hand we trod the Paths to Praise ;
When, leagu'd with Patriots, we maintain'd the Cause
Of true Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
Disdaining down the golden Stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid Tide ;
Think not I come to bid thy Tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous Soul with Tales of Woe ;

* *William Lord Cavendish*, great Grand-father to the present Duke of *Devonshire*, to whom this Epistle is directed, lived in the strictest Intimacy and Friendship with Lord *Russel*, and warmly co-operated with him in promoting the Bill of Exclusion. When the latter was condemned, Lord *Cavendish* gallantly offered, by changing Cloaths with him, to favour his Escape at any risk to himself ; which Offer, as it might expose his Friend to Danger, Lord *Russel*, tho' warmly urged, generously refused.

No : View me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
 As when the welcome Mandate I obey'd-----
 Heav'ns ! with what Pride that Moment I recall !
 Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall !
 When *England's* Genius, hov'ring o'er, inspir'd
 Her Chosen Sons, with Love of Freedom fir'd,
 Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd Train,
 Minions of Pow'r, and Worshipers of Gain,
 To save from Bigotry its destin'd Prey,
 And shield three Nations from Tyrannick Sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious Flame,
 The happy Omen of his future Fame ;
 Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
 The clearest Head, and warmest noblest Heart,
 His Words, deep sinking in each captiv'd Ear,
 Had Pow'r to make ev'n Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's Lore,
 Whose Tongue ne'er speaks but when the Heart runs o'er,
 In plain blunt Phrase my honest Thoughts express'd,
 Warm from the Heart, and to the Heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd ; yes, Justice, let me say,
 Well poiz'd her Scales on that auspicious Day.
 The watchful Shepherd spies the Wolf afar,
 Nor trusts his Flock to try th' unequal War ;
 What though the Savage crouch in humble Guise,
 And check the Fire that flashes from his Eyes ?
 Should once his barb'rous Fangs the Fold invade,
 Vain were their Cries, too late the Shepherd's Aid,
 Thirsting for Blood, he knows nor how to spare,
 His Jaws distend, his fiery Eyeballs glare,
 While ghastly Desolation stalking round,
 With mangled Limbs bestrews the purple Ground.

Now Memory fail ! Nor let my Mind revolve,
 How England's Peers annull'd the just Resolve,
 Against her Bosom aim'd a deadly Blow,
 And laid at once her great Palladium low !

* Degen'rate Nobles ! Yes, by Heav'n I swear,
 Had BEDFORD's self appear'd Delinquent there,

* When the Bill was rejected by the Lords, Lord *Russel*,
 moved with Indignation said, " Had his Father advised the
 " King to reject it, he would be the first to move for a
 " Parliamentary Impeachment against him."

And join'd, forgetful of his Country's Claims,
To thwart the Exclusion of APOSTATE JAMES,
All filial Ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the Charge.

Such the fix'd Sentiments, that rule my Soul,
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny controul;
While free, they hung upon my pensive Brow,
Then my chief Care, my Pride and Glory now;
Foil'd I submit, nor think the Measure hard,
For conscious Virtue is its own Reward.

Vain then is Force, and vain each subtle Art;
To wring Retraction from my tortur'd Heart;
There lie, in Marks indelible engrav'd,
The Means whereby my Country must be sav'd;
Are to thine Eyes those Characters unknown?
To read my inmost Heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred Truth reveal'd,
Which shall To-morrow with my Blood be seal'd,
Seek not infirm Expedients to explore,
But banish JAMES, or ENGLAND is no more.

Friendship her tender Offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving Pair,
Hopeless the Tyrant's Mercy-seat to climb—
Zeal for my Country's Freedom is my Crime!
'Ere that meets Pardon, Lambs with Wolves shall range,
CHARLES be a Saint, and JAMES his Nature change.

Press'd by my Friends, and RACHEL's fond Desires,
(Who can deny what weeping Love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a Moment quell'd
Th'indignant Pride, that in my Bosom swell'd;
I sued—the weak Attempt I blush to own—
I sued for Mercy, prostrate at the Throne.
O! blot the Foible out, my noble Friend,
With human Firmness human Feelings blend!
When Love's Endearments softest Moments seize,
And Love's dear Pledges hang upon the Knees,
When Nature's strongest Ties the Soul enthrall,
(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast known them all!)
Let him resist their Prevalence who can;
He must, indeed, be more, or less than Man.

§ Yet let me yield my RACHEL Honour due,
 The tend'rest Wife, the noblest Heroine too !
 Anxious to save her Husband's honest Name,
 Dear was his Life, but dearer still his Fame ;
 When suppliant Pray'rs no Pardon could obtain,
 * And, wond'rous strange ! ev'n BEDFORD's Gold
 prov'd vain.

Th' Informer's Part her gen'rous Soul abhorr'd,
 Though Life preserv'd had been the sure Reward ;
 † Let impious HOWARD act such treach'rous Scenes,
 And shrink from Death by such opprobrious Means.

O ! my lov'd RACHEL ! Name for ever dear !
 Not writ, nor spoke, not thought without a Tear !
 Whose heav'nly Virtues, and unfading Charms,
 Have bless'd through happy Years my peaceful Arms !
 Parting with Thee into my Cup was thrown,
 It's harsh'est Dregs else had not forc'd a Groan !——
 But all is o'er,——these Eyes have gaz'd their last——
 And now the Bitterness of Death is past.

§ Lord *Russel* was married to *Rachel* Daughter to the Earl of *Southampton*, a Lady of very distinguished Merit, and passionately beloved by him. During his Trial, and Imprisonment, she behaved with most heroic constancy and resolution ; and when, if he would turn Informer and Evidence against the other Persons accused, he had an assurance of his Life given him. She, it's said, greatly advised him to reject the infamous Proposal, saying, " That tho' his Life was dear, very dear to her, yet his Honour was still dearer." By her he had one Son, Father to the present Duke of *Bedford*, and two Daughters. When he took his last Farewel of them, " Now, said he, the Bitterness of Death is past."

* The Earl of *Bedford*, it's said, offered 100,000*l.* to the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, the King's favourite Mistress, to save his Son's Life, but to no purpose. The King was inexorable ; such Virtue as Lord *Russel's* was not fit to live in such a Reign as *Charles* II*ds.*

† Lord *Howard*, Cousin-german to Lord *Russel*, confessed by all to have been a Man of infamous Character and abandoned Morals, became Informer and chief Evidence for the Crown, in all these Trials. Being asked one Day, when he was to have his Pardon, he replied, " When the Drudgery of Swearing is over."

‡ BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious Care,
 My fleeting Soul for heav'nly Bliss prepare,
 Wide to my View the glorious Realms display,
 Pregnant with Joy, and bright with endless Day.
 Charm'd, as of old when Israel's Prophet sung,
 Whose Words distill'd like Manna from his Tongue,
 While the great Bard sublimest Truths explor'd,
 Each ravih'd Hearer wonder'd and ador'd;
 So rapt, so charm'd, my Soul begins to rise,
 Spurns the base Earth, and seems to reach the Skies.

But when, descending from the sacred Theme,
 Of boundless Pow'r, and Excellence supreme,
 They would for Man, and his precarious Throne,
 Exact Obedience, due to Heav'n alone,
 Forbid Resistance to his worst Commands,
 And place God's Thunderbolts in Mortal Hands;
 The Vision sinks to Life's contracted Span,
 And rising Passion speaks me still a Man.

What? shall a Tyrant trample on the Laws,
 And stop the Source whence all his Pow'r he draws?
 His Country's Rights to Foreign Foes betray,
 Lavish her Wealth, yet stipulate for Pay?
 To shameful Falsehoods venal Slaves suborn,
 And dare to laugh the virtuous Man to Scorn?
 Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
 And hardly know of Honesty the Name?
 In Luxury's Lap lie screen'd from Cares and Pains,
 And only toil to forge his Subjects Chains?
 And shall he hope the Public Voice to drown,
 The Voice which gave, and can resume his Crown!

B

‡ The Doctors *Burnet* and *Tillotson* attended him when under Sentence of Death. Not having thrown off the slavish Doctrines of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance, then carefully taught and inculcated in the Universities, they both, it's said, laboured to convince him, that all Resistance, even to save their Country from the Ruin which then threatned it, was unlawful; and strenuously advised him to retract such Doctrines and repent. But he could not be convinced. His better taught and manly Soul abhorred all such slavish Tenets, and embraced those generous Principles of Liberty, Self-Defence, and the Right of Resistance to lawless and arbitrary Power afterwards adopted by these good Men themselves, and to which the ever memorable Revolution of 88 hath given a national and perpetual Sanction.

When Conscience bears her Horrors, and the Dread
Of sudden Vengeance, bursting o'er his Head,
Wrings his black Soul ; when injur'd Nations groan,
And Cries of Millions shake his tott'ring Throne ;
Shall flatt'ring Churchmen soothe his guilty Ears,
With tortur'd Texts, to calm his growing Fears ;
Exalt his Pow'r above th' Ætherial Climes,
And call down Heav'n to sanctify his Crimes !
O ! impious Doctrine !—Servile Priests, away !
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the Monarch ! Who, in evil Hour,
Drinks from your Cup the Draught of lawless Pow'r !
The Magic Potion boils within his Veins,
And locks each Sense in adamant Chains ;
Reason revolts, insatiate Thirst ensues,
The wild Delirium each fresh Draught renews ;
In vain his People urge him to refrain,
His faithful Servants supplicate in vain ;
He quaffs at length, impatient of Controul,
The bitter Dregs that lurk within the Bowl.

Zeal your Pretence, but Wealth and Pow'r your Aims,
You ev'n could make a Solomon of James.
Behold the Pedant, thron'd in aukward State,
Absorb'd in Pride, ridiculously great ;
His Courtiers seem to tremble at his Nod,
His Prelates call his Voice the Voice of God ;
Weakness and Vanity with Them combine,
And James believes his Majesty divine.
Presumptuous Wretch ! Almighty Pow'r to scan,
While ev'ry Action proves him less than Man.

By your Delusions to the Scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you a Royal Charles has bled.
Teach then, ye Sycophants ! O ! teach his Son,
The gloomy Paths of Tyranny to shun ;
Teach him to prize Religion's sacred Claim,
Teach him how Virtue leads to honest Fame,
How Freedom's Wreath a Monarch's Brows adorns,
Nor, basely fawning, plant his Couch with Thorns.
Point to his View his People's Love alone,
The solid Basis of the stedfast Throne ;
Chosen by them their dearest Rights to guard,
The Bad to punish, and the Good reward,

Clement and just let him the Sceptre sway,
 And willing Subjects shall with Pride obey,
 Shall vie to execute his high Commands,
 His Throne their Hearts, his Sword and Shield their
 Hands.

Happy the Prince ! thrice firmly fix'd his Crown !
 Who builds on Public Good his chaste Renown ;
 Studious to bless, who knows no second Aim,
 His People's Interest, and his own the same ;
 The Ease of Millions rests upon his Cares,
 And thus Heav'n's high Prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the Throne the bless'd Contagion spreads,
 O'er all the Land it's gladd'ning Influence sheds,
 Faction's discordant Sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies th' indignant Shore.

His Ministers with Joy their Courses run,
 And borrow Lustre from the Royal Sun.

But should some Upstart, train'd in Slavery's School,
 Learn'd in the Maxims of Despotick Rule,
 Full fraught with Forms, and grave Pedantick Pride,
 (Mysterious Cloak ! the Mind's Defects to hide !)
 Sordid in small Things, prodigal in great,
 Saving for Minions, squand'ring for the State-----
 Should such a Miscreant, born for England's Bane,
 Obscure the Glories of a prosp'rous Reign ;
 Gain, by the Semblance of each praiseful Art,
 A pious Prince's unsuspecting Heart ;
 Envious of Worth, and Talents not his own,
 Chase all experienc'd Merit from the Throne ;
 To guide the Helm a motly Crew compose,
 Servile to him, the King's and Country's Foes ;
 Meanly descend each paltry Place to fill,
 With Tools of Pow'r, and Pandars to his Will :
 Brandishing high the Scorpion Scourge o'er all,
 Except such Slaves as bow the Knee to Baal-----
 Should Albion's Fate decree the baneful Hour-----
 Short be the Date of his detested Pow'r !
 Soon may his Sovereign break his Iron Rods,
 And hear his People, for their Voice is God's !

Cease then your Wiles, ye fawning Courtier's ! cease,
 Suffer your Rulers to repose in Peace ;

By Reason led, give proper Names to Things,
 God made them Men, the People made them Kings ;
 To all their Acts but Legal Pow'rs belong,
 Thus England's Monarch never can do Wrong ;
 Of Right Divine let foolish FILMER dream,
 The Publick Welfare is the Law Supreme.

Lives there a Wretch ! whose base degen'rate Soul,
 Can crouch beneath a Tyrant's stern Controul ?
 Cringe to his Nod, ignobly kiss the Hand,
 In galling Chains that binds his Native Land ?
 Purchas'd by Gold, or aw'd by slavish Fear,
 Abandon all his Ancestors held dear ?
 Tamely behold that Fruit of glorious Toil,
 England's great Charter made a Russian's Spoil ?
 Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd Country groan,
 Nor stretch an Arm to hurl him from the Throne ?
 Let such to Freedom forfeit all their Claims,
 And Charles's Minions be the Slaves of James.

But soft a while----Now, Cavendish, attend
 The warm Effusions of thy dying Friend ;
 Fearless who dares his inmost Thoughts reveal,
 When thus to Heav'n he makes his last Appeal.

All gracious GOD ! whose Goodness knows no
 Bounds !

Whose Power the ample Universe surrounds !
 In whose great Balance, infinitely just,
 Kings are but Men, and Men are only Dust !
 At thy Tribunal low thy Suppliant falls,
 And here condemn'd, on thee for Mercy calls !

Thou hear'st not, LORD ! an Hypocrite complain,
 And sure with thee Hypocrisy were vain ;
 To thy all-piercing Eye the Heart lies bare,
 Thou know'st my Sins, and, knowing, still canst spare !
 Tho' partial Pow'r it's Ministers may awe,
 And murder Here by specious Forms of Law ;
 The Axe, which executes the harsh Decree,
 Wounds but the Flesh, to set the Spirit free !
 Well may the Man a Tyrant's Frown despise,
 Who, spurning Earth, to Heav'n for Refuge flies ;
 And on thy Mercy, when his Foes prevail,
 Builds his firm Trust ; that Rock can never fail !

Hear then, Jehovah ! Hear thy Servant's Pray'r !
 Be England's Welfare Thy peculiar Care !

Defend her Laws, her Worship, chaste and pure,
 And guard her Rights while Earth and Heav'n endure !
 O ! Let not ever fell Tyrannick Sway,
 His bloodstain'd Standard on her Shores display !
 Nor fiery Zeal usurp Thy holy Name,
 Blinded with Blood, and wrapt in Rolls of Flame !
 In vain let Slavery shake her threat'ning Chain,
 And Persecution wave her Torch in vain !
 Arise, O Lord ! and hear thy People's Call !
 Nor for One Man let Three great Kingdoms fall !

O ! that my Blood may glut the barb'rous Rage,
 Of Freedom's Foes, and England's Ills assuage !-----
 Grant but that Pray'r, I ask for no Repeal,
 A willing Victim for my Country's Weal !
 With rapt'rous Joy the Crimson Stream shall flow !
 And my Heart leap to meet the friendly Blow !

But should the Fiend, tho' drench'd with human
 Gore,

Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
 And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted Land,
 Death in her Eye, and Bondage in her Hand-----
 Blast her fell Purpose ! Blast her foul Desires !
 Break short her Sword, and quench her horrid Fires !

Raise up some Champion, zealous to maintain
 The sacred Compact, by which Monarchs reign !
 Wise to foresee all Danger from afar,
 And brave to meet the Thunders of the War !
 Let pure Religion, not to Forms confin'd,
 And Love of Freedom fill his gen'rous Mind !
 Warm let his Breast with Sparks coelestial glow,
 Benign to Man, the Tyrant's deadly Foe !
 While sinking Nations rest upon his Arm,
 Do Thou, O Great Deliv'rer ! shield from Harm !
 Inspire his Councils ! Aid his righteous Sword !
 Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd !
 Thence let her Years in bright Succession run !
 And Freedom reign coæval with the Sun !

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heav'n has heard my
 Pray'r,

So speaks my Heart, for all is Rapture there.

To BELGIA's Coast advert thy ravish'd Eyes,
 That happy Coast, whence all your Hopes arise !

Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future King !
 From whose green Years maturest Blessings spring ;
 Whose youthful Arm, when all-o'erwhelming Pow'r
 Ruthless march'd forth, his Country to devour,
 With firm-brac'd Nerve repell'd the brutal Force,
 And stopp'd th' unwieldy Giant in his Course.

Great WILLIAM, hail ! Who Sceptres could
 despise,

And spurn a Crown with unretorted Eyes !
 O ! When will Princes learn to copy Thee,
 And leave Mankind, as Heav'n ordain'd them, Free !

Haste, mighty Chief ! Our injur'd Rights restore !
 Quick spread thy Sails for Albion's longing Shore !
 Haste, mighty Chief ! 'Ere Millions groan enslav'd ;
 And add Three Realms to one already sav'd !
 While Freedom lives, thy Memory shall be dear,
 And reap fresh Honours each returning Year ;
 Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal Fame,
 And endless Ages bless Thy Glorious Name !

Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the Field,
 By Justice arm'd, his Sword conspicuous wield ;
 While willing Legions croud around his Car,
 And rush impetuous to the righteous War.

On that great Day be ev'ry Chance defied,
 And think thy RUSSEL combats by thy Side ;
 Nor, crown'd with Victory, cease thy gen'rous Toil,
 Till firmest Peace secure this happy Isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open Heart believe
 Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive ;
 Fear may extort them, when Resources fail,
 But O ! Reject the base, the flatt'ring Tale.

Think not that Promises, or Oaths can bind,
 With solemn Ties, a ROME-devoted Mind ;
 Which yields to all the holy Juggler faith,
 And deep imbibes the bloody, damning Faith.
 What though the Bigot raise to Heav'n his Eyes,
 And call th' Almighty Witness from the Skies !
 Soon as the wish'd Occasion he explores,
 To plant the Roman Cross on England's Shores,
 All, all will vanish, while his Priests applaud,
 And Saint the Perjurer, for the Pious Fraud.

Far let him fly these Freedom-breathing Climes,
 And seek proud Rome, the Fost'rer of his Crimes ;

There let him strive to mount the Papal Chair,
 And scatter empty Thunders in the Air,
 Grimly preside in Superstitious School,
 And curse those Kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause and bid the World adieu,
 While Heav'n's bright Mansions open to my View !—

Yet still one Care, one tender Care remains ;
 My bounteous Friend, relieve a Father's Pains !
 Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen Youth,
 And mould his Mind to Virtue and to Truth ;
 Soon let him learn fair Liberty to prize,
 And envy him who for his Country dies ;
 In one short Sentence to comprize the whole,
 Transfuse to His the Virtues of thy Soul.

Preserve thy Life, my too, too gen'rous Friend,
 Nor seek with mine thy happier Fate to blend !
 Live for thy Country, Live to guard her Laws,
 Proceed, and prosper in the glorious Cause ;
 While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the Field to fly ;
 But boldly face my Foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly Wiles beware,
 Nor trust too far to fond paternal Care ;
 Too oft dark Deeds deform the Midnight Cell,
 Heav'n only knows how noble ESSEX fell !
 SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive Mind
 Ranges at large through Systems unconfin'd ;
 Wrapt in himself, he scorns the Tyrant's Pow'r,
 And hurls Defiance even from the Tow'r ;
 With tranquil Brow awaits th' unjust Decree,
 And, arm'd with Virtue, looks to follow me.

CA'NDISH Farewel ! May Fame our Names en-
 twine !

Through Life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine ;
 With pious Rites let Dust to Dust be thrown,
 And thus inscribe my Monumental Stone,

Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis'd by the Grave,
 He priz'd his Birthright, nor would live a Slave.
 Few were his Words, but honest and sincere,
 Dear were his Friends, his Country still more dear ;
 In Parents, Children, Wife supremely blest'd,
 But that one Passion swallow'd all the rest ;
 To guard her Freedom was his only Pride,
 Such was his Love, and for that Love he dy'd.

But yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
 Her glorious Flag, to steer his Course to Praise ;
 For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his Fate,
 And think'st, perhaps, his Suff'rings were too great,)
 Bless'd as he was, at Her imperial Call,
 Wife, Children, Parents, he resign'd them all ;
 Each fond Affection then forsook his Soul,
 And AMOR PATRIÆ occupied the whole ;
 In that great Cause he joy'd to meet his Doom,
 Bless'd the keen Axe, and triumph'd o'er the Tomb.

The Hour draws near---But what are Hours to me ?
 Hours, Days, and Years hence undistinguish'd flee !
 Time and his Glass unheeded pass away,
 Absorb'd and lost in one vast Flood of Day !
 On Freedom's Wings my Soul is borne on high,
 And soars exulting to it's native Sky !

F I N I S.